

Flora by Rollyzen

Series: "Goretober" 2018- that isn't actually gore [10]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-10-10

Updated: 2018-10-10

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:48:18

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,602

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Day 10 of October: Flora

Billy can't remember a time when he didn't have powers. He's always been able to control plants. He talked to them when he was younger, but his dad HATED that. Now, in Hawkins, he's found that the flora have a lot more to say than the flowers growing in his window sill back in California.

Summary is stilted and sucks but im doin shit.

Flora

Author's Note:

hi, i tried v hard to stick to Billy's character, but none of us are perfect. bye now.

They whispered on the night he came home without Max. Billy walked all the way home without his car, and they whispered. Like they were scared. They didn't know he could hear them and that it was freaking him out. He'd never heard plants sound *scared* before. They didn't always want to talk, either. So it was weird having a continuous monologue whispered on either side of the road. It wasn't on his mind for long. As soon as he walked in the door sans Maxine, his dad was all over him. In the morning, with his body aching to high heaven, the last thing on his mind was the weird things the plants had to say.

He tried not to think about that night for a while. The only reminders were his healing wounds, Max's attitude, and Harrington's face. One of which, stayed on his mind more than the others. Harrington came to school the next week right as rain. He didn't even *acknowledge* Billy. That stung. He'd even been entertaining the idea of apologizing to the sad fuck. It kept getting more complicated as that week turned into two, and *Steve* turned into *Steve with Wheeler* and then *Steve with Wheeler and Jonathan*. The more Harrington's face cleared up, the less pressing it seemed. Max was constant, though, and he hated her all the more for it. At the risk of sounding like that Scooby Doo cartoon, he would've gotten away with putting it off if it weren't for her annoying face. Something like that.

He eventually decided he would do it on the night of the Snowball at Maxine's school. Harrington would no doubt be shepherding around *some* child that night. Max would be a negative amount of help if he told her what he was up to, always suspicious he was going to do something anyways. *For good reason*, he'd give her that, but it was still annoying. The plants were quiet, so that was good.

The night of the Snowball came, and it was cold as *fuck*. He'd thrown on his jean jacket, fluffed his hair *a little*, and waited in the car for Max to come out. Her hair whipped behind her when she tore out of the house. Billy didn't say anything about her cursing under her breath or how weird it was to see her in a dress with her hair done. It wouldn't have been appreciated either. The music stayed off on the ride there, Max fidgeting with her bracelets nervously. He could feel her eyes on him a few times, but he was already thinking about Harrington.

He pulled into a spot at the school and parked the car. Max looked at him questioningly, but he waved her off.

"What time's it over?"

She angled herself towards the door, "Eight or eight thirty?"

He nodded, "I'll be here. Go."

She slipped out of the car eagerly. Billy tapped on the steering wheel and thought about something that hadn't crossed his mind.

What if Harrington was smart enough to just drop off his kid and leave?

If that was true, Billy wasted almost a month angsty over nothing. Summoned by the mere thought of him, he saw Steve's car pull up to the entrance of the school. A kid with way too much spray and volume in his hair popped out of the car eventually, and Billy panicked. He pulled himself out of his own car and lit up a cigarette in record time. The chill in the air cut right through his jacket, but he had the BMW in his peripherals. He hoped like hell his body language broadcasted *something* and Harrington would look. He didn't know how much it was eating him until that moment when the wheels of the car turned towards the parking lot and something released in his chest.

He wasn't expecting the car to pull into the spot right next to him, though. It ruined his entire plan of approach. He was supposed to have a cigarette tucked behind his ear and remember he *conveniently* didn't have a lighter. He'd swagger over to Harrington's car and see if

he had one. Whether or not he had one didn't matter; it opened up the avenue for a "conversation". But, he remembered, in his haste to get Steve's attention, he'd ruined *his own* plan by lighting up. So it was actually a really good thing that Steve was now parked beside him and standing outside of his car- looking at him. Cool.

"Hey." He said lamely.

Steve crossed his arms on the hood of his car, "You *do* know the dance isn't over until nine, right?"

Lying bitch, Billy thought.

He shrugged.

"*And* that it's freezing?"

Billy couldn't resist rolling his eyes.

"No, not at all. I completely missed that detail despite the fact that I'm freezing my ass off."

Harrington looked shocked. Either by the fact that Billy was acting like a normal person or he realized he asked a dumb ass question, Billy didn't know. There was a volume shift in the trees, and Billy flicked his cigarette towards them.

"You got a second to talk? In private?"

He hated the way his voice sounded in that moment, hated that he looked right into Harrington's soft, doe eyes.

They went big like gumballs, "I, uh, yeah. I have plenty of seconds. Um, whatever amount of time you want."

God, Harrington's own embarrassment was carrying over to him. His ears burned. Why in the hell was it like *this* now?

"Cool. Let's take it out back."

Steve skirted around his car, and they quickly walked out back. He was surprised Steve agreed so quickly. Billy could literally murder

him and probably get away with it.

Rich kids were weird and dumb.

The back of the school hugged the treeline. Billy regretted moving them back there as soon as he realized it. Too late to do anything about it now.

"So, I, uh," Steve faces him expectantly. Billy's eyes catch on the butterfly bandage stuck to his forehead. "I wanted to say sorry. For beating you up at Byers'."

"Oh, um, thank you."

Billy crossed his arms tightly and tried to shield himself from the words coming from the trees.

"Yeah, definitely didn't mean to mess your face up so bad, Pretty Boy."

Steve's face went red.

"Oh, and if it's about the brat pack, I already fixed that shit."

"How did you manage that?" Steve said, slightly breathless.

He shrugged, "Easy: Said I was sorry, meant it, gave them a pack of cigarettes."

Steve barked a laugh, and Billy smiled.

Then the trees chorused louder.

Slayer.

Slayer.

Monster killer.

Spiked stick warrior.

Into the den, a blazing inferno.

Saplings saved.

Defender to the juvenile.

Before he could think about it too much:

"You go out in the woods and kill monsters, Pretty Boy?"

Steve stilled. Billy internally bit his tongue and choked himself to death. The wheels in his head hadn't even started turning before Steve was spewing words.

"Who told you?"

Billy stared. *What?*

"Was it Max? Did she tell you finally? The Party said she would cave in the beginning.."

He shook his head slowly, wondering what the hell they were talking about.

He bit his bottom lip for a second, and his forehead wrinkled in that endearing way that made him look like the picture perfect "boy next door".

"Did you meet Jane, then?"

"Jane?" He asked lightly.

He sighed, "Yeah, I think they also call her by a number. She moves shit with her mind? Has really curly brown hair?"

Billy looked around quickly to make sure he wasn't being pranked. Yeah, it was just them. Yeah, Steve might just be crazy. Then again, Billy could talk to and manipulate plants, and there was a little girl out there that could move stuff with her mind.

The longer Billy was silent, the more Steve paled as realization came to his face.

His eyes closed, and he threw his head back with a groan.

"Fuuuuck."

He opened them with an ungodly amount of disappointment, "You didn't know *any* of that, did you? I can't believe I just fucking *told* you."

For some reason, Billy grinned.

"Don't feel that bad, Harrington. The trees told me that first bit. Guess they weren't exaggerating. Does 'spiked stick warrior' mean anything to you?"

Despite spilling literally his most important secret, his pulse was racing for a different reason. Steve got closer.

"How do you know about that?" He whispered harshly.

"Like I said," Billy reached out a hand without looking away from Steve. "*They* told me."

A branch from one of the trees extended out, and Billy plucked a yellow flower from it. Steve's eyes did that thing where they got all big and round again. Billy wondered if he knew how attractive it made him look.

He pressed the flower into Steve's hand and smirked.

"So not the weirdest thing you've seen?"

Then Steve was so close to him he could feel his breath hit his lips. He heard the quiet "No" right as their lips brushed each other. The shock of warmth was unexpected but spurred both of them into moving. Their hands slid over each other's bodies with frenzied gestures. Steve's moans vibrated their mouths, and Billy bit down roughly on his bottom lip, ignoring the hiss that came from Steve's mouth.

Billy still didn't know what the hell was going on in Hawkins, but he had a pretty good idea of how he could get Steve to spill the details—no resorting to trees necessary.

Author's Note:

DAY OR TWO LATE BUT IM CATCHING BACK UP.
FUCK.